

The Washington Times

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The Rich Poor and the Poor Rich

That Is England's Condition. It Will Be the United States' Condition Soon. Business Men Take Notice, Prepare Wisely.

Here is information that wise business men will turn into big business, busy stores, large purchases, and fair profits.

What has happened in England is going to happen here, it is happening here now.

The rich man feels poor and will feel poorer—as taxes pile up, and the horizon gets cloudy.

The poor man will feel rich and will feel richer as the MILLIONS that the Government is spending and will spend, and their way into the pockets of the little people in the shape of HIGH WAGES.

Pay attention to straws blowing in the wind of prosperity for the moment.

This writer has employed in the country a plumber who hitherto has worked quite cheerfully in his dull season for five dollars and a half per day and his board and lodging. This plumber's helper, who had been "learning plumbing" for a few months last summer sent this postal card last week to his former teacher—the card was sent from one of the big camps now building:

"Dear Friend:
"This is some place. Drop whatever you are doing and come at once. I am making over eleven dollars a day with overtime.
Your Friend."

"It is quite a favor," said the experienced plumber, "for me to go on working at the old wages. If my young, green helper, who is worth ordinarily about two dollars a day, can get eleven dollars a day, what could I get down there?"

That is one straw in prosperity's wind. Here is another.

A big corporation advertises for boys, YOUNG boys, mind you, "interested in making three dollars a day." These are boys that only a little while ago were interested in making five dollars a week—and often not making as much.

One more straw. A "handy man," able to drive a nail and saw a board, worked for years, contented, for fifty dollars a month and his board. He was told that experienced carpenters were needed on camp work. He is making fifty dollars a week now as "an experienced carpenter," working for contractors building a camp.

You have a boy promoted from five dollars a week to three dollars a day.

You have a country plumber's helper changing suddenly from two dollars a day to eleven dollars a day.

And you have a handy man changing from fifty dollars a month to fifty dollars a week.

ALL THAT MONEY IS GOING TO BE SPENT AND SPENT QUICKLY.

Those that have little, as everybody knows, are those that spend most rapidly, carelessly, and eagerly what little they have.

Those that used to make twelve dollars a week and now make fifty will SPEND the fifty. Multiply the handy man, the plumber's helper, and the little boy by a million, and then by another million, and then another, which you can easily do—and you have people eagerly spending on an average seven dollars a day each—TWENTY-EIGHT MILLION DOLLARS A DAY IN ALL and all of this is New wealth, money that burns the pocket and must be spent.

In a year this makes a sum of over eight thousand six hundred millions of dollars.

If you ask "Where are the billions the Government borrows going to?" there is your answer. Those billions are going into the pockets of the people, and into the pockets of working people, big and little, muscle workers, brain workers. And the billions are going to travel as rapidly as possible into the pockets of storekeepers, tailors, butchers, bakers, moving picture gentlemen, and all the rest.

Uncle Sam is spending and will be spending money in a way that the world has never seen, and he spends it by handing it to his children and THEY, the little people, the so-called "poor people," will also be spending money in a manner that this world has never seen.

Selfridge, the big American merchant transplanted to London, keeping his American brain active, under his nice London hat, saw what it meant when the British government began pouring out billions. He got ready—AND HE GOT RICH.

He didn't think or moan about hard times or the terrible effect of war. He said to himself, substantially this: "The war is going to make the rich poor. It is going to make the poor RICH. I will have ready in my store for sale the kind of things that rich poor people like to buy."

He produced in quantity extremely pretty and attractive things, for women and for girls and for men and for boys, at reasonable prices.

He said: "I will think of the man who spends a hundred guineas, of course, but I will think also of the woman who for the first time in her life has a hundred shillings." Go into his big London store and you will find standing room at a premium.

Here is advice for the business man. Don't moan, BUY AND LAY IN GOOD, BIG STOCKS OF GOODS.

Ask yourself: "What will please the plumber's helper with eleven dollars a day in place of a dollar and a half a day?" and have it ready to sell to him when he comes around with the money.

Ask yourself: "What does the mother of the little boy who delivers messages and makes three dollars a day want?"

(Continued at Bottom of Last Column.)

The Champion of Ypres - - - By Raemaekers



Oh, Haig, he hit him solid.
He knocked him in a heap
And the stars he saw weren't heavenly
On the well-known field of Ypres.

(Copyright, by Louis Raemaekers.)

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow Writes On Love Affairs

This is a topsy-turvy world. "Man never wants what he has got. When its cool, he likes it hot."

EVERY day I get letters—letters from girls, letters from men. Each is seeking his or her ideal, and they don't find it. They write to me in the hope that I may be able to lead them to the right path.

Bless them, I too am chasing ideals. So is everybody else. Mr. Rockefeller has his eye set on a golf score of par. Mr. Carnegie, intent upon dying poor, finds his millions rolling up faster than he can get rid of them. The burglar—no significance, of course, to this association of names, myself, the two billionnaires and Mr. Raffles—is always looking for the haul which will enable him to retire from his profession and start a chicken farm.

We are all like the baby in the advertisement, reaching from his bath toward the cake of soap which lies just beyond his grasp. We strive and strive for the unattainable and feel that we won't be happy until we get it. Eternally we try to put salt on the tail of the bluebird; but eternally it fits just ahead of us.

For example, I have two letters lying before me from two men. They are a direct contrast. Each man desires to marry. But one, although he has every other requisite, is unable to find a suitable girl, while the other has the girl, but lacks what he considers the other thing needful.

Here is No. 1:

"I take issue with the statement made in a letter from a young lady, which you recently published; that men prefer to marry some selfish, helpless creature rather than a real woman. The trouble is, that the selfish, helpless kind are so much easier to meet and get acquainted with; and propriety and association do the rest. The so-called 'real women'—the capable, efficient sort—are usually a little cool and distant."

"In the Southwest, where I come from, there are hundreds of men like myself eager to get married and fully able to assume the responsibilities, but who are almost in despair over the hope of ever finding a real helpmeet."

"They do not want a 'selfish, helpless creature,' but a partner who will help them to succeed and join hands with them in building a home. The woman with a business experience and a practical knowledge of life would seem the ideal type of wife for these practical men. But when we search in the ranks of business women, we are met with such cunning and indifference, that one would as soon think of making love to an adding-machine as to one of them."

Contrariwise, here is the lament of No. 2:

"I take the liberty of writing to

you in regard to the very interesting subject of marriage, although to cover fully the different questions which come up under this heading would take more space than the whole front page of a newspaper. Your replies to a number of your correspondents deal fairly well with certain phases of the topic; but there are others which you have left unanswered. Probably it is as difficult for a woman to understand a man's mind when it comes to matrimony as it is for a man to understand a woman.

"There are 30 per cent less men being married today than there were fifty years ago, and the direct and unquestionable cause of this lies in the prevailing living conditions.

"Take my own case for example: I am madly in love with a girl who would marry me tomorrow if I should request it. But I cannot afford marriage as it is understood today. And I love the girl too much to ask her to share what would amount to genteel poverty."

"Should I marry, I would want to supply my wife with the same amusements and luxuries that are enjoyed by the other married women of her acquaintance. I would not want her to have a single desire ungratified."

"I believe, moreover, that any man who marries without sufficient income to maintain his wife on an equal footing with the other women of the set in which she moves is doing an injustice both to himself and to the girl he loves. And it is this which prevents many other young men from marrying."

"Frankly, I have a hard time to keep myself as I'd like to. It seems better to me to take my sweetheart on an outing two or three times a week and thereby enjoy her society to a limited extent, rather than to marry her and plunge us both into a sea of poverty and discontent. It is on behalf of the many heartbroken young girls who are in the same plight as my sweetheart, that I have written you."

"A LOVER IN VAIN."
So, there, you see. Both my correspondents have blessings in plenty. The one, it is to be assumed, has money and success; the other the love of the woman to whom he has given his heart. But because they lack the one thing on which their minds are set, they are miserable.

As for the "Lover in Vain," he is a faint-hearted. He stands at the cross-roads unable to make up his mind which path to take. He pleads that it would be an injustice both to himself and his sweetheart for them to marry in his present circumstances.

Ah, "Lover in Vain," where is your faith in yourself? Where is your faith in the future? You have raised up a lot of bugaboos. And bugaboos are all that stand between us and the achievement of any hope, or aspiration, or ideal.

Elizabeth Jordan Talks On Nagging Wives

Dear Miss Jordan:

Your article on Bad Tempers was fine—but there are two sides to the question. Won't you kindly write on the bad tempers of wives, and on nagging wives, and oblige.

A SUFFERING HUSBAND

(who is weakness personified).

THE foregoing pathetic letter comes from Boston. I have also received a great number of letters on the same subject, and equally pathetic, from husbands in many other cities.

No man who has written me denies that a "quick temper" in the head of the house is a bad thing. But each man gently and firmly calls my attention to the fact that bad tempers are not exclusively confined to husbands.

I admit this freely and with the cheerfulness with which we all admit the failings of others. Then I hasten to bring forth the heavy artillery that supported my first position. It is this:

"When a man is ill-tempered and chooses to bring his ill-temper home to his family it is almost impossible for that family to escape that ill-temper. It permeates the house like an atmosphere, and the man's wife and children cannot get away from it."

"When a woman is ill-tempered her husband has a quick and certain means of escape. All he has to do is to put on his hat and go out. For a wife to put on her hat and go out is a very different proposition."

"She has the children to think of and the preparation or supervision of the meal for which the husband has just returned. She is, so to speak, on the burning deck, and she has to stay right there until her duty is done."

"That is where the husband has his great advantage. That is where the strength of the wife's position lies in her weakness. She forces him into a corner and he escapes. He forces her into a corner and she cannot escape. In taking advantage of this acknowledged fact, he stamps himself a bully."

All this being so, it is also a fact that we have with us in American homes a certain number of nagging wives, ill-tempered wives, peevish, complaining, and fault-finding wives.

Their husbands are unfortunate. Like the bad-tempered husbands, they bring retribution upon themselves. They lose the love of their families. They have to live with and endure themselves—and this is the greatest penalty of all.

The cause of their nagging is, occasionally, the husband who is its victim. He is perhaps selfish, obtuse, and neglectful. He has bitterly disappointed the woman who married him and she, because she will not or cannot help it, "takes out" her disappointment on him. Happy wives rarely "nag."

There are, of course, instances

in which the nagging habit dates back to childhood—to a spoiled and peevish childhood, perhaps, in which guidance and discipline have been lacking.

Such cases are almost hopeless. One cannot easily make over a nature warped in its earliest years.

When it is all said and done, one thing, and one thing only, keeps married couples together—and that one thing is common sense. Neither husband nor wife is perfect. Neither is justified in expecting perfection from the other. Life is a series of adjustments and compromises, and its biggest rewards—which are love and contentment—go to the tolerant and the understanding.

The husband and wife with common sense learn to keep a sort of mental balance sheet. The husband, say, is affectionate, generous, considerate, loyal, but quick tempered. If his explosions of temper are only occasional they are forgiven and forgotten. If they are frequent or incessant they may wreck the home and the man.

The wife's common sense may save the situation.

"I have a pearl of a husband," she admits to herself, "but he has one big fault. It is up to me to help him correct that fault."

As the first means to this end she acquires absolute control of her own temper. She is, so to speak, dynamite in the house is enough. As a second she makes him realize that life's primer lesson is self-control and that man is a child until he has learned it.

Then, with infinite tact and patience, she starts her campaign. Her attitude is neither nagging nor fault-finding. It must be dispassionate, almost scientific.

"These outbursts will injure your health, dear," she tells the man. "I'm going to help you to overcome them." She does.

When he controls his temper in a crisis she lets him see that she understands the struggle, and applauds the victory. As he grows more and more master of himself, she watches and exults. In the end, if both have common sense, the enemy of their happiness is conquered.

Now, what a wife can do for a husband, a husband can do for a wife. If the wife is not a hopeless nagger, with a closed mind, she can be made to realize that she is almost as dangerous in the home as a poisonous gas.

She keeps her family's nerves on edge. She wrecks their peace and corrodes their very souls. If her nagging is incessant she should be taken in hand and treated for it as if she were the victim of a drug habit. She should not be allowed to destroy her family's happiness and her own.

For nagging is selfish indulgence in an abominable habit, and the first step toward cure is to make the victim see herself as she is. After that comes the slow, patient help which only one who loves and understands can give.

The American Plan

If Commissioner Gardiner Really Wants to Know Why Washington Should Vote, Here Is the Answer. The District Is No Longer a Minor.

By EARL GODWIN.

Commissioner Gardiner asks why—if we have a beautiful city and everything else we want—we should want to vote. He put this question simply and directly in his fine address delivered by him when sworn into office yesterday. If Mr. Gardiner is serious in this query The Times will undertake to answer him.

The reason we should vote in Washington is because we are American citizens. There is not the slightest logic or appeal in the attitude taken by the opponents of suffrage in the District of Columbia when they assume that the people of this community should strip themselves of the dearest possession man has been able to gain, in return for the privilege of living in the Capital city.

Could there be any place more fitting for the complete exercise of suffrage and for the complete recognition of the ideals of American manhood than at the very source of Americanism?

Do we want to hold ourselves aloof from other Americans who are building their communities and raising their own standards where the rest of the world can see them?

Do we want to make Washington a mock sanctuary from which we will gaze with a holier-than-thou complacency on other American communities who elect their own officers and make their own laws? Do we like to say to the world: "We have everything we want; we are kept and cared for, but we have no right to say what shall become of us?" The surest way to smother the conscience of this city is to spread through its highways and byways the false teaching that Washington will be better off without the right to vote, and that it pays to say nothing about it.

There may have been a time long ago when it was to the best interest of the National Government to take over forlorn and poverty-stricken Washington. That time has gone by long ago. Washington was then in a state of collapse, principally on account of its youth. It is an established city today, the fairest of all the cities of the earth and stands in the gateway of a new era. It will not collapse again.

When the forefathers chose the District of Columbia upon the banks of the Potomac they set up within it a Federal establishment, and that was all there was to it; practically every man in it was a Government official. Perhaps it was fitting in those days that there should be no vote, and perhaps also it was fitting that cities should be financed by lotteries. Now the scheme of things is changed. Since that time the Federal establishment in Washington has grown into a complex machine and the community of Washington has grown into one of the greatest cities. Out of the simple community life of the original town has grown a great city with its own problems and its own forces and its own character. The fact that the Federal Government has its establishment here makes the city important, but Washington will never reach its full strength and vigor until the Federal Government treats it as a grown-up instead of as a child and allows it to run its own affairs.

Commissioner Gardiner will find in the next few months many an instance which will help to answer his question: Why should Washington vote?

That he is thoroughly imbued with loyalty to Washington and its ideals is apparent to everyone, and it required no formal statement from Commissioner Gardiner to assure the people of this community that he is of Washington, with Washington, and for Washington.

HEARD AND SEEN

And speaking of votes for the District, I was talking to James Morrell, who works for the Government:

"Why should I want to turn over my local government to Congress when the doorkeeper generally indicates to the incoming members how to vote on a roll call? I have seen Bill Kenney, the assistant doorkeeper of the House, tell at least two hundred members how to vote and they voted that way without seeming to care what they were voting on."

Frank Phillips, scientist, the Agricultural Department's expert in bees, has gone across the continent on a small errand. He has been commissioned with the task of getting the bees to produce a million extra tons of honey new crop. The busy little and waited. They served him a bit about the size of a lady finger and each shelling hour in 1918; and when charged him 50 cents.

Frank gets that job done he may be set to work getting the coal mines to produce a little coal.

Did you ever stop to think that Washington has the oldest fire chief and the youngest police chief known to civilization; and that the fire chief says he can outrun the police chief and is willing to try it?

On one of these meatless days recently William F. Gude ordered seven large fish from the wharf and paid something like 50 cents for the lot.

These he fed to seven large hungry people. The next day he went to a small restaurant where they claim to have the interest of the people at heart, ordered a bit of broiled trout bees to produce a million extra tons of honey new crop. The busy little and waited. They served him a bit about the size of a lady finger and each shelling hour in 1918; and when charged him 50 cents.

The Rich Poor and the Poor Rich

(Continued from First Column.)

to buy for that little boy? Buy that stuff for her and her little boy and have it ready.

Find out what the handy man, promoted from fifty dollars a month to fifty dollars a week, will do with that vast fortune which he has—he is going to buy SOMETHING—give him something good, have it ready for him.

Take care of the POOR RICH PEOPLE by all means. Keep the large, snorting seven-thousand-dollar automobiles—they will still buy them somehow in spite of their sad poverty.

Keep on hand the pearl necklaces and diamonds, and the things that cost thousands. Do not neglect the rich that are now to be comparatively poor. They will still go on spending money, they always do somehow or other, no matter how badly they feel about taxes.

But, business men, keep your mind and your eye and your brain especially on the needs, and on the wonderful suddenly expanded buying power of the POOR THAT ARE NOW RICH, and that are going to spend as rapidly as they can get to your store on Monday morning or Saturday afternoon. THE UNTOLD WEALTH THAT UNCLE SAM IS POURING OUT OF THE TREASURY AND INTO THEIR POCKETS IN HIGH WAGES.

The merchant who thinks about this and remembers and acts upon it—if he hasn't done so already—will say one day: "That was a pretty sensible editorial."